

Tell Me He's Wrong by omgbellamy

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Angst, Canon Compliant, Endgame Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler, F/M, Fluff, Friends to Lovers, Heart-to-Heart, Love, Sharing a Bed, Stranger Things 2, Talking, Truth, bc i love jancy, jancy babies, love triangle kinda??, protect all these characters 2k17, reference to all the shit that went down, s2 had me a mess, steve deserves all the love, steve harrington is precious

Language: English

Characters: Barbara "Barb" Holland, Dustin Henderson, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Relationships: Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler

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Summary:

2x06 kinda based in which Jancy talk about their feelings and come clean to each other.

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Author's Note:

Hey guys! This is my first ST fanfic. I haven't written in a while, for lack of inspiration. But Jonathan and Nancy in season 2 of Stranger Things got me hooked. I wanted to write for them, since 2x06 killed me!

They headed back to their room. Nothing was said after dinner because neither of them knew what to say. Nancy couldn't stop replaying the words in her head: *you've got chemistry, history and real shit..plus shared trauma.*

The thing is, she can't deny it. A voice in her head tells her to say no, that it's not true, that she loves Steve and that she let him go, but she knows it's forced. She cared for Steve for a while, but she doesn't think she loved him. It felt more like...infatuation. Steve was the boy everyone desired since freshman year, and he'd liked her, Nancy Wheeler. And maybe, yes, Nancy had liked him, been attracted to him, but in recent time, it hadn't felt right.

At the party she'd been a bitch and maybe she'd broken his heart, but it was a long time coming. She wanted to apologize, but she felt so liberated. So liberated with herself for finally realizing she couldn't pretend any more. Admitting to herself that Barb was gone and never coming back and that she and Steve were indirectly responsible for it.

She sank down into the hard bed with a heavy sigh. The room felt lonelier without Jonathan. It was unnerving how much she noticed his presence. It was strange, even in the midst of all of the chaos with her brother and Will and everything around them. For what seemed like the longest time, she had tried to sleep.

She buried her face into the pillow and tried to summon sleep. She couldn't because her mind was still racing. The thoughts of him could not be kept at bay: the way he'd smiled at her earlier in the day, the way he brought her home from the party, the way he held her hand... She sprung up and out of the bed in a sudden fit of desperation.

She needed to know that it wasn't just her, that she wasn't crazy. Nancy swung open the door, only to find Jonathan already there. "Jonathan, what-"

"I couldn't sleep," he said.

She took a deep breath. "Neither could I."

"I just..." he was lost for words. He was one of few words, but in this situation it appeared that he couldn't summon any at all. "We should talk," Nancy said, almost instantly regretting the words as they left her mouth.

Jonathan blinked twice, clearly surprised by her suggestion. He nodded. She led him into the room, feeling her stomach tighten as she led him to the bed.

It seemed like the most sanitary place to talk, considering the state of the old room. "You know, I keep wondering what happened with us, and how we ended up here," she confessed, glancing at Jonathan after a few minutes of painful silence.

Jonathan's smiled the slightest bit. "Steve," he said, "Steve is what happened."

Nancy grimaced, looking down to the floor. Maybe she deserved that. Last Christmas she'd spent it with Steve. She'd cut Jonathan off so she could focus on Steve and her friends and trying to feel normal again. Jonathan had made her feel unlike herself. He made her feel beautiful, nervous and brave and she couldn't handle it, so she pushed him away.

"Yeah."

"Can't say I blame you, though. It's how things were supposed to be."

She glanced at Jonathan, who would not meet her eyes. "Supposed to be?"

"Yeah, Nancy. You're both popular, have the same friends, same circle...you were expected to end up together."

"Maybe I was that girl once. Or I thought I was. Those people were not – are not – my friends. I wanted to be 'cool', I wanted to fit in and I thought Steve would help me do that. But I'm not her any more. I'm realizing that now."

Jonathan gave her an amused look. "Oh, yeah? And who are you?"

Nancy smiled back. "I don't know. I'm still trying to figure that one out."

He scoffed. She felt warmer already. She had never admitted that to anyone out loud until now. A part of her felt like she could trust Jonathan with anything, dare she say even her own life.

"Steve told me you broke up," Jonathan said.

Nancy's eyes widened. She didn't think Steve wanted anyone to know about their breakup, let alone someone he hated like Jonathan. "He did?" Jonathan turned towards her.

"Yeah. He was pretty pissed, but he said he figured out why."

She gulped. "What – what, uh, did he say?" "He said he thinks you broke up with him partly because you have feelings for me."

And there it was. The clarity Nancy needed, the confirmation that Steve was right, that the crazy guy downstairs was right. It had been there all along. From that night when she had slept in the same bed as Jonathan to now, where they sat face to face. She said nothing because she couldn't find the words. It was hard to express how she felt after diving in head first with Steve.

"Tell me he's wrong," Jonathan said, voice much lower now. In the space of a few minutes, he had somehow become much closer to her. Nancy shuddered, feeling goosebumps erupt on her skin from the tickle of his breath.

"Say it, Nancy, and I'll stop."

"Stop?" she felt dazed, not even realizing that he was in fact leaning in.

“Tell me that Steve is wrong, that you don't have feelings for me,” he said.

She tried, tried to think of a way to deny it. But she couldn't. Not now. Not any more. Not after almost losing her brother, after almost losing her family. She couldn't let Jonathan go, either.

So she whispered, “He's not wrong.” He kissed her. He kissed her like she'd never been kissed by any teenage boy before. He cradled her head gently whilst still managing to bite at her lip and kiss with her a passion that made her head spin.

All she could was reciprocate, biting at his lip and twirling her tongue with his own. She grabbed at his long hair. How long she had waited to touch it, to feel it underneath her fingers. She found herself flat on her back with him gazing down at her like she was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen. In that moment, she understood the look in his eyes, because she felt it reflected in her own.

Only love makes you that crazy, sweetheart.